The TALE of the RAVEN AND THE BLACKBIRD.

By the Author of the *Blackbird's Song.*

——— *Si monitis tardas adverteret aures,*
Heu referet quanto verba dolere mea!

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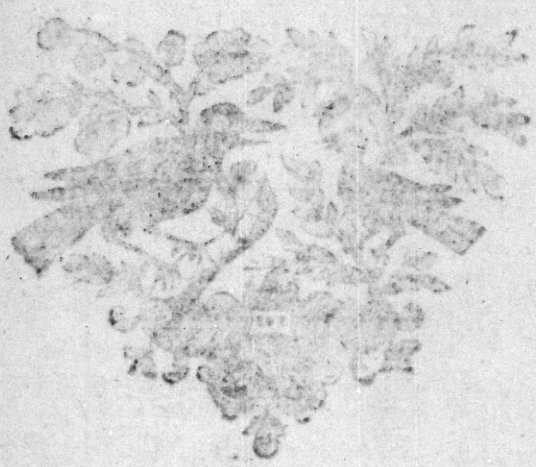

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The TALE of the RAVEN AND THE BLACKBIRD.

AS on a Bough the *BLACKBIRD* ſate,
Mourning the Mannor's wretched ſtate,
A *RAVEN* from an aged Oak.
Did thus in doleful Accents croak.

I've heard with Pleaſure, and with Pain,
How you, *good Bird*, did late complain;
And ſtand amaz'd, the thoughtleſs *Throng*,
So ill regard your honeſt Song.

Your Notes were modeſt, plain and true,
And, what was more, Impartial too;
And ſure, if your *Deſign* ſhould fail,
No *Notes* for ever can prevail.

If the new Lord diſdain to hear,
Thoſe pondrous *Truths* concern him near;
Too late, I fear, too late, alas!
He'll ſee his own and our hard Caſe.

Our Diſcontents are grown ſo high,
One Party's Ruin muſt be nigh;
And, if that common *Fame* ſpeak true,
The chief Deſign is aim'd at You.

The *Cuckows*, *Jays*, the *Daws*, and *Pies*,
Fill all the *Groves* and *Springs* with Lies,
And flutter round from place to place,
To bring your Tribe into diſgrace.

In yonder Orchard, t'other Day,
I heard a haughty Buzzard ſay,
If we permit theſe *Blackbirds* long,
For us at laſt they'll grow too ſtrong:

Beſide, do all we can, I fear,
Their Notes will reach our *Landlord*'s Ear;
And ſhould he chance to hear them ſing,
They'd us to Shame and Ruin bring.

Already this Sagacious *Tribe*,
Have drawn the Peaſants to their ſide,
And in a little time will draw
The *Soldiers* and the *Men* of Law.

Therefore we muſt a Way find out,
To make theſe *Songſters* tack about,
And if in that they won't comply,
We muſt a COMPREHENSION try.

Something muſt ſpeedily be done,
They muſt not at this rate go on;

For if they do, the Caſe is plain,
We all ſhall loſe our Poſts again.

The late *Attempt* that has been made,
To regulate their *Canting Trade*,
Has but the more inflam'd their *Notes*,
And made them wider ſtretch their *Throats*.

Now ev'ry Buſh, and ev'ry Tree,
Rings with their curſed Harmony;
And all the *Tenants* round the *Mannour*,
Begin again to pay them Honour.

More he had ſaid, but comes a Crow,
In mighty haſte, to let him know,
The '*Squire* and '*Spouſe* were both preparing,
To walk abroad and take an Airing.

Now give me leave, dear Bird, to aſk,
(If it be no ungrateful Taſk)
What are your Thoughts? I'll tell you mine,
With *Frankneſs* and without *Deſign*.

The *Blackbird*, who had never yet
The *Raven* at a Conf'rence met,
Firſt paus'd a while, and then replies,
I falſe and flatt'ring *Notes* deſpiſe.

Let *Buzzards*, *Gulls* and *Owls* abuſe
The *Stranger's* Ears with *Tales* and *News*,
And *Magpies*, *Kites*, and *Rooks* and *Daws*,
Perplex him, and preſcribe him *Laws*;

And

And let the *Bats* and Birds of Night,
Perſue us with their utmoſt Spight,
And all the FACTIOUS BROOD agree,
To *Perſecute* my *Tribe* and me,

It ſhall be ſtill my chief *Deſign*,
Their WICKED ARTS to *Countermine*;
Still I'll go on to ſhew the Stranger,
His own, and all the Mannor's *Danger*.

If he my humble Song reject,
And his own Safety will neglect,
This Satisfaction I ſhall have,
I've done my part the *Grange* to ſave.

Thoſe wicked Fowl about him ply,
I know will all their Cunning try,
That he may neither hear nor ſee,
A *Bird* of *Truth* or *Honeſty*.

They will, with their perpetual Noiſe,
Drown ev'ry faithful *Blackbird's* Voice,
And keep him clearly out of ſight,
From all that would inform him right.

He's ſo intirely in their Power,
There's not a Day, nay, ſcarce an Hour,
But ſome of theſe inſpecting come,
And hunt him round from Room to Room.

If by great chance a Bird is there,
To whom the Manſion's Safety's dear,

They with tumultuous Outcries run,
Take care, my Lord, you'll be undone.

To hear theſe *High-flown Traytors* prate,
You run the Danger of your Fate;
You muſt not to their Notes give ear,
Would you preſerve your Quiet here.

On us you ſafely may depend,
'Tis we alone can you defend;
We, only we, have Power and Skill,
You, and this Grange to guard from ill.

And thus he's frighted and cajol'd,
And has ſuch dreadful Stories told,
That 'twould be nonſence to believe
He to his Friends ſhould credit give.

At this the *Raven* gave a Groan,
And thus renews his doleful moan:
Unhappy's he whom *Jays* and *Pies*,
And *Rooks*, and *Owls*, and *Kites* adviſe.

And moſt unhappy ſure is he,
Who cannot from their Claws get free;
Tho' he to Demonſtration knows,
That they by nature are his Foes.

But, not to carry things too far,
Some *Fowls* and *Birds* about him are,
That, I preſume, do all they can,
To ſettle and preſerve the *Man*.

But theſe, alas! are far too few,
To circumvent that furious *Crew*,
Who now in ſwarms infeſt the *Dome*,
And puſh our Ruin and their own.

To this the Bird made this Reply,
I will not what you ſay deny;
There may perhaps, be two or three,
That Vertue have and *Probity*.

But theſe are only kept for Show,
And little of their Secrets know;
Nor will they longer them endure,
Than they can make their *Game* ſecure.

The only thing that I admire,
Theſe few don't quietly retire,
Before they are ſo far drawn in,
That they can ne'er get out again.

This is the only way they have,
Their *Maſter* and *themſelves* to ſave;
And more, by doing this they'd do
Some Service to the Publick too.

When all the *Groves* and *Springs* ſhall ſee,
Birds fam'd for their Integrity,
Reſign their *Truſts* and *Poſts* of *Honour*,
'Twill mightily alarm the *Mannour*.

Our

Our *Landlord* too when he ſhall view,
Himſelf alone amidſt a *Crew*
Of *Kites* and *Crows*, and Birds of *Prey*,
Will hardly think it ſafe to ſtay.

As I was ſitting in the *Grove*,
I heard a *Finch* thus tell the *Dove*,
That Things were hurry'd on ſo faſt,
He muſt be forc'd to quit at laſt.

I cannot bear (ſays he) to hear,
Peacocks and *Parrots* domineer,
And *Cuckoos* without Senſe or Shame,
Dictate, and then *Revile* the DAME.

Beſide, our Party is ſo ſmall,
That they before 'em carry all,
And whatſoever we propoſe,
They ſlight, and it for Nothing goes.

Again I met him t'other Day,
And he was further pleas'd to ſay,
That things were manag'd with that Heat,
He was determin'd to retreat.

That all their *Notions* were ſo mixt,
And all their *Councils* ſo perplext,
So dangerous and ſo uncommon,
It was not ſafe to be among 'em.

I will retreat, (ſays he) before
They've got me further in their Power,

Then ev'ry *Wood* and ev'ry *Spring*,
Shall with their vile Propoſals ring.

They run ſo counter to all Law,
Their old and truſty *Friends* withdraw,
For tho' they dearly love the Cauſe,
They won't break in upon the *Laws*.

The *Fowls* and *Birds* of *Wealth* and *Senſe*,
Are always cautious of Offence,
They'd ſhare the Pow'r and Profit too,
But would not dang'rous Wars purſue.

Beſide. they think they're not ſo plac'd,
But *Things* may change, and they diſgrac'd,
Therefore between *Extreams* they fly,
Not much too *Low*, nor much too high.

Both *Parties* uſe them for their *Tools*.
And they make both the *Parties Fools*,
And keep it in their Power ſtill,
To ſerve 'em well, or ſerve 'em ill.

Thus far the *Finch*, from whence 'tis clear,
What a ſtrange mottled Brood is here,
Of various *Size*, and various *Shape*,
And Natures diff'rent as their Make.

But tho' they differ thus in Frame,
Yet ſtill their *Aims* are all the ſame,
Pow'r and the *Plunder* of the *Grange*,
They all purſue, and cannot change.

For theſe they ſcratch and make a Pother,
Chatter and peck at one another,
For theſe new Stratagems invent:
Doubts, *Jealouſies* and *Fewds* foment.

For let the Cauſe be what it will,
Int'reſt and Power govern ſtill,
Pride and *Revenge*, and *Thoughts* to *Rule*,
When they command, grow tame and cool.

'Tis true, *Ambition* often brings
Confuſion to the *Groves* and *Springs*,
Nor has *Revenge*, *Envy* and *Pride*,
Unactive been on either Side.

Much *Miſchief* has by them been done,
But ſtill 'twas Int'reſt led 'em on;
They are but Hand-maids in the Trade,
And for their Miſchief muſt be paid.

Oh, ſays the *Raven*, this is true,
The greater our *Misfortune* too,
And if they thus our Lord ſurround,
They'll him and all he has confound.

But ſure 'twill not be long before
He'll ſee how they his Fruit devour,
And find a *Means* to fright away
Theſe rav'nous *Fowls* and *Birds of Prey*.

He'll ſee the *Herns* with thieviſh Bills,
Robbing his *Ponds*, and catch his *Eels*,

And *Crows* and *Rooks* with empty Guts,
Deſtroy his *Wheat* and ſteal his *Oats*.

He'll ſee the *Kites* the *Grange* ſurround.
To try what Plunder's to be found,
The *Redtails* and *Wood peckers* ſee,
Making deep Holes in ev'ry Tree.

He'll ſee as plain as he can wiſh,
Almoſt in ev'ry Tree and Buſh,
Some pilf'ring *Bird* that only comes,
To ſteal his *Cherries* or his *Plumbs*.

He'll ſee the *Cootes* with addle Pates,
Who are of late made *Magiſtrates*,
And the *French-Gulls* whom heretofore,
Our *Folly*, and their Pride brought o'er.

He'll ſee thoſe *Beggars* ſtrut about,
With *new* and *coſtly Plumes* ſet out,
And prattle too as bold and loud,
As if they were a native *Brood*.

Hedge ſparrows and *Tom-tits* he'll ſee,
Hopping about from *Tree* to *Tree*,
With all their ſcurvy, pilf'ring *Breed*,
From whence theſe *Gardens* once were free'd.

On t'other Hand, if he looks round,
No native Bird will here be found,
They're all with juſt *Reſentment* gone,
To ſome more hoſpitable Dome.

The

The *Linnet* and the cheerful *Lark*,
Have mournfully forſook the *Park*.
And to ſome foreign Chace retir'd.
Where they will ſing and be admir'd.

That charming *Thruſh* that us'd to ſing,
His early Welcome to the *Spring*
Is forc'd to fly to 'ſcape the *Claws*
Of the Revengeful *Rooks* and *Daws*.

The *Nightingals* have left the *Grove*,
As hath the *Pheaſant* and the *Dove*,
And are for *Food* and *Shelter flown*,
To *Springs* and *Groves* to them unknown.

The *Swans*, thoſe Birds the *Gods* admire,
All from their *Native Streams* retire,
And all the Birds and Fowls of Uſe,
Intirely have forſook the Houſe.

The *Cocks* that went to tread the *Hens*,
Are all conſtrain'd to leave their *Pens*,
Whilſt an inferior mungrel Brood,
Strut in their *Walks*, and eat their Food.

Some of their *Kind* indeed remain,
But they are of a ſpurious Strain,
A falſe, malicious, lazy Race,
The Scorn and Scandal of the *Place*.

Whither the *Robinredbreaſt* ſtay,
Or whether he'll be forc'd away,

Time

Time, and the State of *Things* muſt ſhow,
For yet no Fowl nor Bird can know.

Thus did the mournful *Raven* croak,
Till in his Turn the *Blackbird* ſpoke,
All you have ſaid has o'er and o'er,
Been told unto our LORD before.

At length he'll ſure be pleas'd to hear,
What *Him* and *Us* concerns ſe near,
And by a wiſe and ſpeedy *Change*,
Prevent the Ruin of the *Grange*.

He has been often told the *Kite*,
Was a rapacious Hypocrite,
A turbulent, malicious Creature,
And was his mortal Foe by Nature.

That holds *Cabals* in diſtant *Woods*.
And unfrequented *Solitudes*,
With *Owls* and *Bats*, at Midnight joyns,
To lay new *Schemes*, and form *Deſigns*.

Three *Governments* it has run down,
And had his Share in ev'ry One,
Been for and yet againſt 'em all,
And ſtill rejoyc'd to ſee 'em fall.

By giving Aim from *Side* to *Side*,
He never fails to ſave his *Tide*,
Equally mixt with Love and Hate,
And at a Change ne'er comes too late.

I think there's few will ſay that he
Is overſtock'd in *Policy*,
But having gain'd by chance a *Name*,
The Party truſt him with their *Fame*.

And now h'as got our *Landlord*'s Ear,
That Nothing's done without him here,
Altho' 'tis plain h'as rais'd his Honour
From the *Deſtruction* of the *Mannor*.

He has been likewiſe told, the *Owl*,
Was a muſt ſtubborn, head-ſtrong *Fowl*,
And ſullenly addicted ſtill,
To his own Principle, his *Will*.

Not he one Moment will obey,
Longer than Things are done his Way,
Which makes the Party often doubt him,
And yet they cannot be without him.

There's Nothing but his *Intereſt*,
Can eaſe the Tortures of his Breaſt,
That only bind him to his *Party*,
And makes him to their Cauſe ſeem hearty.

But if your Landlord ſhould diſplace him,
He'd be the firſt that wou'd diſgrace him.
His Malice, Pride, and Want of Sence,
Would carry him to Violence.

Fools are moſt ſtubborn in their Way,
As Coyns are harden'd by th' Allay,

And

And Obſtinacy's ne'er ſo ſtiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.

He has been alſo told the *Jay*.
Is Nothing but a *Bird* of *Prey*,
A flatt'ring, empty, noiſy *Thing*,
That only makes a Shew in *Spring*.

A *Bird* whoſe everlaſting *Clack*,
Sets all *Birds* Ears upon the *Rack*,
Whoſe Volleys of eternal *Babble*,
Are only fit to pleaſe a *Rabble*.

He has been oft inform'd the *Pies*,
Are famous for their Theft and *Lies*,
And that the *Pie* that he employs,
His *Chickens* and his *Eggs* deſtroys.

That he and all his pilf'ring Race,
Live on the *Plunder* of the Place,
And that where e'er the *Vermin* come,
They are a Scandal to the *Dome*.

He has been told the *Rook* and *Crow*,
Are working of his Overthrow,
And that the *Herns* and *Bitterns* joyn,
With *King-fiſhers* in the *Deſign*.

Yet *theſe*, and only ſuch as *theſe*,
Of their more vile *Accomplices*,
Have got the *Power* and ſole *Command*,
And Nothing now can *them* withſtand.

Theſe

Theſe make and execute all Laws,
Judge both the *Judges* and the *Cauſe*,
Preſcribe of *Right* and *Wrong* the Rules,
And make us all their *Slaves* and *Tools*.

'Gainſt them our Lord has no *Defence*,
But an unguarded *Innocence*,
They manage all Affairs of *Weight*,
And have ingroſs'd his whole Eſtate.

Theſe lay the Plans of War and Peace,
And ſway the Mannour as they pleaſe,
Are *Magiſtrates* in ev'ry Town,
And whom they pleaſe ſet up or down.

There is no Officer of State,
But theſe, and only theſe create,
Theſe make, unmake, reverſe, depoſe,
And treat all others as their Foes.

They are the Guardians that increaſe,
Or waſte the Mannour as they pleaſe,
And often uſe the Landlordill,
And this they will becauſe they will.

Oh, ſays the *Raven*, honeſt Bird,
You may rely upon my Word,
If they are ſuffer'd to go on,
Both We and They ſhall be undone.

Each Day produces new Portents,
Denoting wonderful Events,

And direful Omens ev'ry where,
Attend the Earth. the Sea and Air.

Preſerve, ye Gods, the *Groves* and *Woods*,
The *Springs*, the *Rivers*, and the *Floods*,
And ſet this antient Mannour free,
From civil Broils and Mutiny.

At preſent I forbear to ſhow
What Time will quickly let you know,
And if that my Fore-ſight be true,
The Omen ſeems to point at you.

The World is nat'rally averſe,
To all the *Truth* it ſees or hears,
But ſwallows *Falſhood* and a *Lye*,
With Greedineſs and Gluttony.

And you perhaps among the Reſt,
May think that you're ſo well poſſeſt.
So firmly fixt, and ſo ſecure,
That you can any Storm endure.

But don't too far on this rely,
None loves the *Blackbird* more than I,
You'll ſurely find my Words prove true,
They'll try th' Experiment on you.

I daily round the *Manſion* fly,
And Things to you unſeen, can ſpy,
To ev'ry Party I am known,
For *None* as yet do me diſown.

You ev'ry Day obnoxious grow,
And ev'ry Day will more be ſo.
But ſtill let this your Comfort be,
You'l be at Length from Danger free.

Your Friends are numberleſs and great,
And will not ſuffer your Defeat,
Do but your Duty. and ſit ſtill,
The Gods will guard you from all ill.

There is one Rule obſerv'd by few,
That to ourſelves, ourſelves be true,
Make this your Rule, and ſtand and fall
Together and you'll ſave us all.

This will your *Character* reſtore,
And make you greater than before,
And all the *Mannours* round about
Will think you *faithful, juſt and ſtout.*

Saith the good Bird, I now diſcern,
How all their Matters ſeem to turn,
The *Blackbirds* won't betray their Truſt,
And therefore they muſt ſuffer firſt.

But let them not too faſt purſue,
Ours and their own Deſtruction too,
When e'er the *Blackbirds* Tribe ſhall fall,
The Ruin muſt be general.

Theſe *Threatnings* and this wild *Confuſion*,
This fatal *Madneſs* and *Deluſion*,

Por-

Portend ſome Dangers to be nigh,
Beyond all *Signs* and *Prodigy*.

This our good Lord has oft been told,
And yet his hand he will not hold,
They will not let him hear nor ſee,
His own or our *Calamity*.

You are a *Bird* of great Fore-ſight,
And never fail to judge Things right,
And better far than I can tell,
If things are manag'd ill or well.

You hear how every petty *Grange*,
Is loudly clam'ring for a Change,
And ten to one 'mong all the Fowls,
Abhor the *Rooks*, the *Kites*, the *Owls*.

Whither theſe fatal Murm'rings tend,
And where, and when, and how they'll end,
Are Secrets far too deep and high
For my poor humble Thoughts to fly.

If you that future Things can ſhow,
Will be ſo kind to let me know,
I will apply my utmoſt Skill,
To diſappoint th'approaching ill.

I know my *Tribe* with me will joyn,
In any good and juſt Deſign,
Then ſtill perhaps our *Pray'rs* and *Songs*,
May calm our Fears, and eaſe our Wrongs.

How

How far, ſays he, we may preſume,
To judge and cenſure Things to come,
At preſent ſhall not be the Caſe,
But what we dread muſt come to paſs.

If after all that you can ſay
And all your *Tribe* can ſing and pray,
Our *Landlord* will not turn his Ear,
Theſe are the *Proſpects* that I fear.

Our fierce *Contentions* will not ceaſe
Till they diſturb the publick Peace,
The *Fowls* and *Birds* will ſcold and jar,
Till they promote a Civil War.

And if they ſhould ſo far ſucceed,
To make this antient *Mannour* bleed,
You'd be the firſt would ſadly feel,
The dire Effects of Party-zeal.

Then you would ſee, tho' much too late.
The *Cauſe* and *Authors* of your Fate,
And with the utmoſt Gnilt and Shame,
Yourſelves for your Diſaſters blame.

Nor would your Sufferings attone,
For half the Miſchiefs will be done,
But ev'ry *Bird* and *Fowl* muſt bear
In the *Cataſtrophe* a Share.

The Hedge-birds, and the common Fowl,
Would Birds of th' higheſt Birth controle,

And

And charge 'em with the black *Deſign*,
Of having chang'd the *Rightful Line*.

The *Canting Tribe* would ſcold and bawl,
Whilſt *Birds of Prey* devour all,
Birds with long Bills and pointed Claws,
Would quite ſubvert and change the *Laws*.

And they'll be apt to tell you too,
You are the *Source* of all their Woe,
And further add, if you had try'd,
You might have ſtem'd, or turn'd the Tide.

The *Cocks* would with each other fight,
Some for the *Wrong*, and ſome the *Right*,
And ſome perhaps would fight to have
The Power all others to enſlave.

Ruins and *Tumults* muſt enſue,
And Foreign Fowls invade us too,
With whom that Lord, who ſtill *pretends*,
Will doubtleſs join to gain his Ends.

Out-cries and Murders muſt engage,
Till Vengeance overtook the Age,
And our wild Factions worn to reſt,
Retain us in our *rightful Landlord*'s Breaſt.

To this the *Bird* with Grief replies,
Open, ye *Gods*, our *Landlord*'s Eyes,
That he before 'tis quite too late,
May view the Mannour's wretched State.

Too

Too well I ſee it can't be long,
Before this wild amphibious *Throng*,
Will on ſome dang'rous *Project* fall,
That muſt in Courſe involve us all.

The furious *Clamours* that we hear,
And dreadful Threatnings ev'ry where,
In loud and diſmal Strains foretel,
That all things here ſhall not go well.

If we look forward, we ſhall ſee,
Nothing but Clouds of Miſery,
If backward, to our View appears,
The Ruin of a Thouſand Years.

The wicked *Things* that have been done,
And theſe more wicked carrying on,
Both cry aloud and blame the Gods,
For ſtopping their *revengeful Rods*.

F I N I S.